

Good Morning 560

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

SÛRETÉ CHIEFS GET 101 HEADACHES

WHEN France was liberated, the "Sûreté," one of the finest detective systems in the world, was presented with a hundred and one headaches. Apart from "collaborators,"

they have had to get on the track of Black Marketeers, traders in faked papers, currency swindlers, and crooks who are cashing-in on the general confusion in Paris and other big cities.

tion took place when a man was found dead in the stable of a vicious horse. There were horseshoe prints on the victim's skull, and it looked an open-and-shut case of "accidental death" until the Sûreté stepped in.

Several ex-Army men are being recruited for police duties. This is the traditional French policy, and you will find very few higher-ups in the Sûreté who have not held Army commissions.

Distinguished professors also take to police work, and write learned tomes that often become classics of criminology.

One bearded sleuth wrote a whole volume on identifying tobacco from its ashes. There is also a learned book on the part played by lipstick in criminal investigation!

The French detective has a reputation for being very thorough. The sinister sleuth in Hugo's "Les Misérables," hounding a man for years, is not entirely a creature of fiction.

French wit has played its part in many famous cases. One of the Sûreté chiefs heard that a certain apache had vowed to murder him. He promptly disguised himself as a fellow-gangster, won the thug's confidence, and offered to help him assassinate the detective!

They duly broke into his own apartment, and nobody was more surprised than the apache when his "partner" suddenly slipped the handcuffs on his wrists.

Another smart piece of detec-

By smart photography and very patient measurement, they decided that the horse could only have kicked the man to death if the victim had been standing on his head in the stable!

The whole business had been cleverly stage-managed by the murderer. It was ultimately proved that the death weapon had been a stick to which he had fixed a pair of old horseshoes.

The French have made a great success of the Bertillon system of body measurement. They are not content with a photograph and a set of fingerprints once they nail a criminal.

He is photographed and measured a dozen times, and every little detail—particularly any distinctive mark on his body—is duly recorded.

A triumph for this system was chalked up some years ago when a bank clerk embezzled a large sum of money and went underground. The Sûreté had the necessary information about him in their files, and he knew it. To "beat the rap" he starved himself and lost several stone in weight. Then he shaved off his beard, dyed his hair, and doctored his nose by means of injections.

The French Police force has a military tradition and ex-Army men are being employed by the Sûreté to break the crooks who cash in on their country's general confusion, says STANLEY JACKSON

He was finally trapped because he had forgotten to change the shape of his ears, and the necessary measurements and photographs soon identified him as the wanted man.

The Sûreté also goes nap on fingerprints. Although it was an Englishman who first used this method in crime detection, the French have developed it to an amazingly thorough degree.

In one mysterious burglary there seemed to be no clues and not a single fingerprint. But the burglar had used a candle to light his way, and one of the sleuths noticed a drop of candlegrease that the crook must have flicked off as it fell on his hand. It was just enough to carry his fingerprint, and he was quickly behind bars.

A brutal killer almost got away with it in Marseilles, not long ago. After committing the murder he was chased along a beach by a couple of gen-



Getting their hand in for you, Tel. Fred. Gregory

YOUR father was cuddling Tibby the cat and mother was serving hot cocoa when a "Good Morning" staff man called at 7 Kensington Avenue, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, Telegraphist Fred Gregory. So he joined in the cocoa and sat round the fire waiting for your two sisters to come in. Marion was out with her boy Kenneth, and Vera was at the pictures.

Father was anxiously watching the clock to see that the girls were in on the stroke of ten. And when they came in there was a scramble for the mirror while the camera was got ready.

The four sat down to a game of cards, and this is how you see them in the picture.

Talking of cards, your girl, Elsie, has been going round to see your mother and father a lot recently, and the other night she wiped up all the money at Newmarket. Pop also says he will "wipe the floor" with you at crib when you get back, so you had better get in some practice!

Albert is O.K. (he is going on an aircraft carrier), and Phillip is well. Last week Phillip was best man at Ted Worrall's wedding.

Bobbie is still into mischief.

Phyllis is hoping to have a happy event next year, and

Bill hopes to come home from Italy this Christmas.

Lucy has not been too good of late, but she is quickly improving.

Marion says she can now play "Bitter Sweet," and "tell Fred to put that in his pipe and smoke it."

Father produced some of your letters, which he keeps filed away, while your mother showed your photographs.

The messages of good cheer to you, Fred, were so numerous and so warm that we can't put them on paper. Still, you know, without being told, how they feel.

Home Town News

THERE was a rush to the pubs in Bristol after the Home Guard "stand down." Beer was on the house—or, more accurately, the United Breweries. For this firm, as a gesture of appreciation for the services of the Home Guard, gave every member a pint of bitter. Of course, the H.G. had to go to a United "house" to get it.

They were issued with tickets through their battalion commanders—one ticket per pint per man—to be handed over the counter in lieu of cash.

Said one Home Guard sergeant, quaffing his bowl, "There's nowt like a glass of beer—if it's free."

MON REPOS, SIGNED.

SOME of Bristol's post-war houses—the city needs thousands, by the way—are going to bear their architects' signatures, if Mr. J. Nelson Meredith's suggestion is adopted. Mr. Meredith, who is the city architect, wants to see the architect's name on every new building erected.

"Why not," he queries, "when authors, artists, journalists and musicians sign their work for the world to see?"

The idea, of course, is not entirely new. For when he worked in Norwich several of the houses which Mr. Meredith designed bore his signature.

The idea is popular, too, with the Royal Institute of British Architects.

There are only two examples of house-signing in Bristol at the moment. The best known is the Victoria Rooms. If you peer at the frieze on the en-

tabature, between the architrave and the cornice, you'll see the name Charles Dyer. The other example is an insurance building on the corner of St. Stephen's Avenue and Clare Street. Not far above the ground is the name of Henry Edwards.

FRIENDLY LIKE.

FUNCTIONING with great success in Bristol is an organisation calling itself the United Nations Friendship Committee. Backed by the Lord Mayor and a number of leading business men, it sets itself the task of entertaining wounded Servicemen who are recuperating in military hospitals.

It arranges a variety of entertainment for the wounded, including free film and stage shows.

In fact, the committee has just scored a point on behalf of British Servicemen. It was a bone of contention that while U.S. convalescents were able to attend greyhound racing in their own transports, British wounded were unable to go because the Ministry of War Transport refused to sanction petrol to take them.

This was surprising, because the Ministry sanctioned transport to all other forms of entertainment.

Now, however, the matter has been put right through the efforts of the United Nations Friendship Committee, and the boys are allowed transport to the dogs.

WARM JUG.

JUST in case you haven't heard, the police are "warming it up" for people

FAMILY WRITES TO "BABY"—L./STO. LEN HITCHEN

HERE, Leading Stoker Len Hitchen, is sister Elsie Roberts snapped in your home, 34 Lumley Street, Garston, Liverpool, thinking out answers to your latest letter. And beside her is 56-year-old mother ready to chip in with her own special messages to you—the "baby" of the family.

They still call you that, Len, though they say it with a smile, because of the big black beard you have grown.

There have been some more rude remarks about that beard, by the way, coming this time from your six-year-old niece,

who find themselves forced to spend a night in the cells at Bath Central Police Station.

Some of the "customers" must have complained about the cold, because the powers-that-be have gone to the trouble of improving the heating system. They spent £47 2s. 7d. to make a nice job of it.

New pipes have been added to the present system to make a first-class central heating effect. "Oh, yes, we do like to make it comfy," commented a Bath police official to a "Good Morning" representative.



Mail from home for Stoker Len Hitchen. Mrs. Hitchen, Len's mother, and sister Elsie read the last letter received, and jointly compose their reply with news from 34 Lumley Street, Garston, Liverpool.

Elsie. She says it makes you look like Old Father Time in her fairy tales, and wants to know why, if you must have it, it can't be white like the one Santa Claus has.

Elsie senior, little Elsie's mother, wants you to know that at last she is learning to dance. So the years you spent trying to persuade her to have a fling have not been in vain! By the time you come home she'll be able to waltz, tango or fox-trot round any dance floor with you—and perhaps even put the Navy to shame as far as proficiency goes.

Elsie has had good news, too—a letter from your friend Stan Lomax, prisoner of war in Germany, of whom you

have heard nothing for six months.

Eileen, another little niece, was given one present on her fifth birthday in November that she intends to share with you.

It's a mongrel puppy, and you have full permission to borrow it and take it out for walks when you come home.

"Uncle Len can pretend it's his, as well," says Eileen, "because he likes dogs and hasn't one of his own."

Your brother and sister, Sam and Lily, your "in-laws," and all the other eight children join with the two Elsie and Eileen in sending their love.

And a last word from mother—"A happy year to come, Len, and keep smiling."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Cheerio, Mr. Gristle! And thanks again for letting us have a little more than we should have this week!"

darmes. He stumbled once, but managed to shake them off, and was lost for weeks in the underworld of the great port.

Luckily, a smart detective had a brainwave and tooth-combed the beach. Sure enough, he found the faint imprint of the killer's palm left in the sand when he stumbled.

More than once the Sûreté has linked arms with Scotland Yard. Some time ago a French gangster just managed to get out of the country and across the Channel. The news and a full description of him were flashed to London, and in a very short time indeed he was run to earth in a small Soho restaurant.

French detectives have a great admiration for our methods. You will never meet one who has not studied every Sherlock Holmes novel. In fact, during the early stages of training the budding French sleuth has to learn Conan Doyle's cases by heart and take an examination in the subject!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"DOGGED" BY BAD LUCK

DAY was breaking when they woke and stretched their stiffened limbs, for the air was fresh, with a suspicion of moisture in it. Two or three small craft were, like themselves, riding at anchor, their decks wet and deserted: others were getting under way to take advantage of the tide, which had just turned.

"Up with the anchor," said the skipper, seizing a handspike and thrusting it into the windlass.

As the rusty chain came in, an ominous growling came from below, and Bill snatched his handspike out and raised it aloft. The skipper gazed meditatively at the shore, and the dog, as it came bounding up, gazed meditatively at the handspike. Then it yawned, an easy unconcerned yawn, and commenced to pace the deck, and the coming to the conclusion that the men were only engaged in necessary work, regarded their efforts

with a lenient eye, and barked encouragingly as they hoisted the sail.

It was a beautiful morning. The miniature river waves broke against the blunt bows of the barge, and passed by her sides rippling musically. Over the flat Essex marshes a white mist was slowly dispersing before the rays of the sun, and the trees on the Kentish hills were black and drenched with moisture.

and fell like healing balm upon the susceptible nostrils of the skipper as he stood at the helm.

"Is Mrs. Bunker getting up?" inquired the mate, as he emerged from the fo'c'sle and walked aft.

"I believe so," said the skipper. "There's movements below."

"Cos the steak's ready and waiting," said the mate. "I've put it on a dish in front of the fire."

"Where's that dog's manners? He's eaten all that steak."

Before the other could reply, the scuttle over the cabin was drawn, and the radiant face of Mrs. Bunker appeared at the opening. "I can smell breakfast," said she archly.

"No wonder, with that dog so close," said Bill grimly.

Mrs. Bunker looked at the captain for an explanation.

"He ate it," said that gentleman briefly. "A pound and a half o' the best rump steak in Wapping."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Bunker sweetly, "cook some more. I can wait."

"Cook some more," said the skipper to the mate, who still lingered.

"I'll cook some bloaters. That's all we've got now," replied the mate sulkily.

"It's a lovely morning," said Mrs. Bunker, as the mate retired, "the air is so fresh. I expect that's what has made Rover so hungry. He isn't a greedy dog. Not at all."

"Very likely," said Codd, as the dog rose, and, after sniffing the air, wagged his tail and trotted forward. "Where's he off to now?"

"He can smell the bloaters, I expect," said Mrs. Bunker, laughing. "It's wonderful what intelligence he's got. Come here, Rover!"

"Bill!" cried the skipper warningly, as the dog continued on his way. "Look out! He's coming!"

"Call him off!" yelled the mate.

"Where's that—dog?" he anxiously. "Call him off!"

Mrs. Bunker ran up, and, seizing the skipper by the collar, hauled him away.

"It's the sea air," said she apologetically; "and he's been on short commons lately, because

"Ay, ay!" said the skipper. The mate lit his pipe and sat down on the hatchway, slowly smoking. He removed it a couple of minutes later, to stare in bewilderment at the unwonted behaviour of the dog, which came up to the captain and affectionately licked his hands.

"He's took quite a fancy to me," said the delighted man.

"Love me, love my dog," quoted Bill waggishly, as he strolled forward again.

The skipper was fondly punching the dog, which was now on its back with its four legs in the air, when he heard a terrible cry from the fo'c'sle, and the mate came rushing wildly on deck.

"Where's that—dog?" he anxiously. "Call him off!"

"Don't you talk like that aboard her ship. Where's your manners?" him away.

"—the manner!" said the mate, with tears in his eyes

Concluding MRS. BUNKER'S CHAPERON—By W. W. JACOBS

A little later smoke issued from the tiny cowl over the fo'c'sle, and rolled in a little pungent cloud to the Kentish shore. Then a delicious odour of frying steak rose from below,

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Football, Cricket, Baseball, Polo, Lacrosse, Hockey, Tennis.

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 559

1. A haglet is a little old woman, sea-bird, kind of awl, witch's daughter, fish?
2. Who wrote what series of novels to pay off business debts?
3. When did Queen Victoria threaten to abdicate?
4. Which are faster, English or Arab horses?
5. What talisman was sought by King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table?
6. Kirkwall, Kirkcaldy.



"THE MANAGER SAID YOU WISHED TO SEE SOMETHING NICE IN UNDERWEAR. SIR"

he's not been well. Keep still, Rover!"

"Keep still, Rover!" said the skipper, with an air of command.

Under this joint control the dog sat down, his tongue lolling out, and his eyes fixed on the fo'c'sle until the breakfast was spread. The appearance of the mate with a dish of steaming

fish excited him again, and being chidden by his mistress, he sat down in the skipper's plate, until pushed off by its indignant owner.

"Soft roe, Bill?" inquired the skipper courteously, after he had served his passenger.

"That's not my plate," said (Continued on Page 3)

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



HOW often does a man need a haircut? I spoke to several London hairdressers on this point after reading that George Trumper, barber to three kings, who has just died, cut the hair of our present King every ten days.

Trumper attended the King ever since the days when he was Prince Albert. He became Court hairdresser in 1910.

My inquiries revealed that fair hair grows quicker than dark hair, and red hair grows slower than any other. Blondes really need a haircut once a fortnight.

One barber told me that once a month is a good average for men's haircutting to-day. Before the war the average was just over three weeks.

Princes, dukes and peers, who were customers of Trumper, used to visit him once a week. Some of them went to his shop once or even twice a day for a shave.

The King shaves himself, but his father used to call Trumper to Buckingham Palace every morning for a beard trim.

★

TECH. OFFICER MISS CLASPER was called from her work at the Hastings Dispensary of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals as the flat below her own had caught fire.

Miss Clasper went into the building to rescue her pet canary. When she found it, the flames below had taken such a hold that she was trapped.

A soldier (who would not give his name) rushed into the burning building and rescued Miss Clasper, who was still firmly holding the canary's cage.

The P.D.S.A. wants to award a medal for bravery, but to whom should it go—to the soldier, to Miss Clasper for risking her life to reach the canary, or to the canary itself, whose sang-froid throughout the incident was completely unruined?

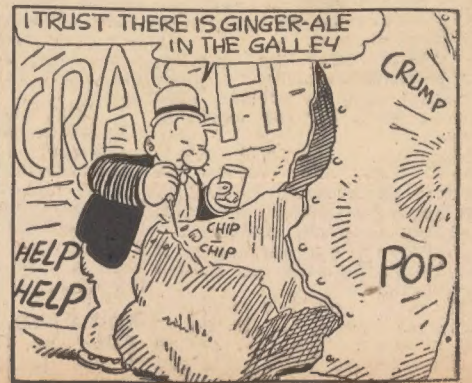
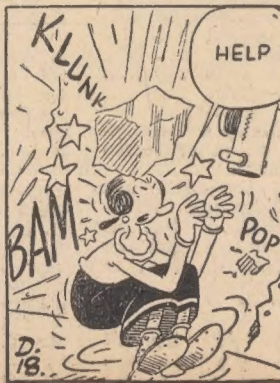
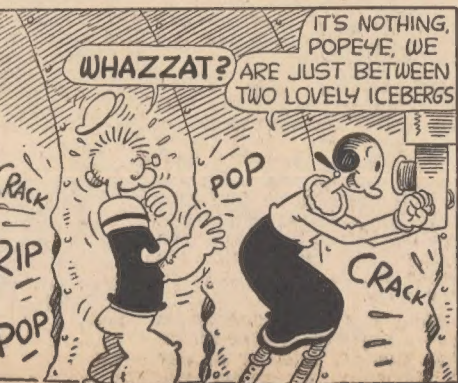
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in *O*E*I**E and *O****O*** and get two great poets.
2. Here are two musical instruments whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
TEPELD — DIFRUMT.
3. If "lamprey" is the "prey" of fishes, what is the prey of birds?
4. Find the two sorts of weather hidden in: She saw a sort of aura in the room that's now supposed to be haunted.

Answers to Wangling Words No. 498

- SUTHERLAND, CLACKMANNAN.
- RAISIN-CURRENT.
- (a) Spoil, (b) Embroid.
- Lar-ch, P-in-e.

JANE



MRS. BUNKER'S CHAPERON

(Continued from Page 2)

the mate pointedly, as the skipper helped him.

"Oh! I wasn't noticing," said the other, reddening.

"I was, though," said the mate rudely. "I thought you'd do that. I was waiting for it. I'm not going to eat after animals, if you are."

The skipper coughed, and, after effecting the desired exchange, proceeded with his breakfast in sombre silence.

The barge was slipping at an easy pace through the water, said the mate, throwing a glance the sun was bright, and the air at the sail, then at the skipper, cool, and everything pleasant then at the dog.

and comfortable, until the "So it is," said the skipper, chaperon, who had been repeatedly pushed away, broke through the charmed circle which surrounded the food and seized a fish. In the confusion which ensued he fell foul of the tea-kettle, and, dropping his prey, bit the skipper frantically, until driven off by his mistress.

"Naughty boy!" said she, giving him a few slight cuffs.

"Has he hurt you? I must get a bandage for you."

"A little," said Codd, looking at his hand, which was bleeding profusely. "There's a little linen in the locker down below, if you wouldn't mind tearing it up for me."

Mrs. Bunker, giving the dog a final slap, went below, and the two men looked at each other and then at the dog, which was standing at the stern, barking insultingly at a passing steamer.

"It's about time she came over," said the mate, throwing a glance at the sail, then at the skipper, cool, and everything pleasant then at the dog.

"So it is," said the skipper, through his set teeth.

As he spoke he pushed the long tiller hastily from port to starboard, and the dog finished his bark in the water; the huge sail reeled for a moment, then swung violently over to the other side, and the barge was on a fresh tack, with the dog twenty yards astern. He was wise in his generation, obstinately refused to budge, and

sat in angry seclusion until the vessel reached Ipswich late in the evening. Then she appeared on deck, dressed for walking, and, utterly ignoring the woebegone Codd, stepped ashore, and, obtaining a cab for her boxes, drove silently away.

An hour afterwards the mate went to his home, leaving the captain sitting on the lonely deck striving to realise the bitter fact that, so far as the end he had in view was concerned, he had seen the last of Mrs. Bunker and the small but happy home in which he had hoped to install her.

END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

TO-DAY'S LAUGH

A very small boy sidled into an Edinburgh tobacco shop not long ago. "My father's been hearin' there's a tobacco trust," he said.

"True, there is," the tobacconist told him.

"Then father wants to know wad ye trust him for two ounces o' rough-cut?"

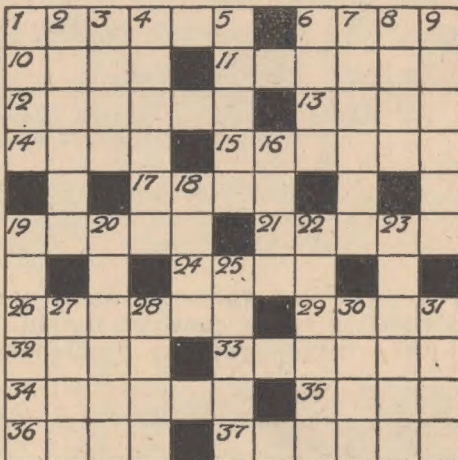
Representative of G.P.O.: "I understand you absolutely refuse to pay for the two hundred and seventy-two telephone calls we have charged you with?"

Intrepid Citizen: "Quite."

Representative of G.P.O.: "But, my dear sir, what is your complaint?"

Intrepid Citizen: "I haven't a telephone."

CROSSWORD CORNER

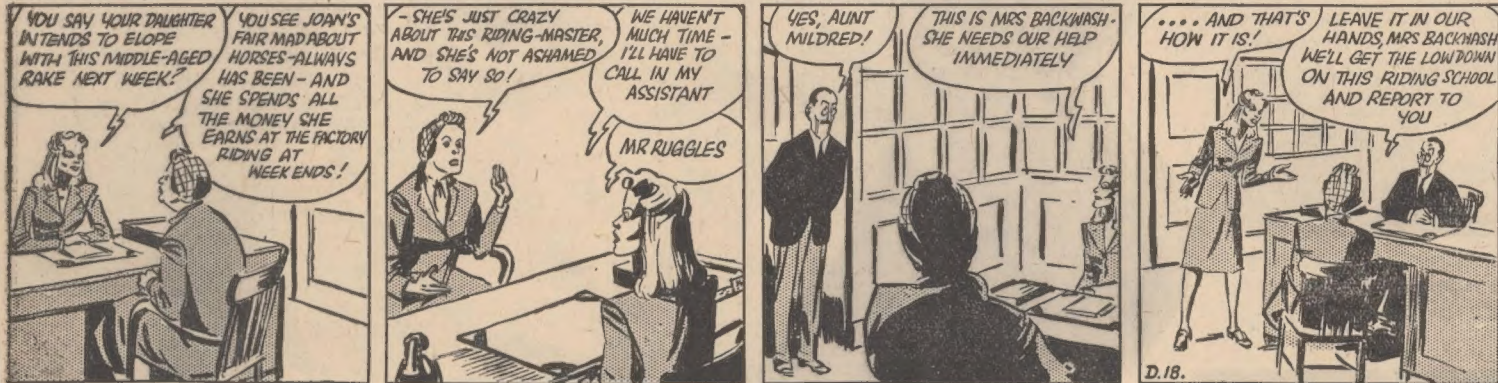


- CLUES ACROSS.
- Seller.
 - Fishing-spear.
 - Impulse.
 - Visual.
 - Swing round.
 - Tires.
 - Adapt.
 - Unctuous.
 - Farm buildings.
 - In want.
 - Wild goat.
 - Pass by.
 - Young animal.
 - Sagacious.
 - Flying machine.
 - Develop.
 - Surfeit.
 - Tear.
 - Swarmed.

LEADS CHOW
U BALLOON M
CHASE SWIDE
RICHES LOOM
ESK PIMENTO
T DETER H
LOWERED MOT
IRON SIMILE
LYRIC CATER
T SAUSAGE M
FELT LISTS

- CLUES DOWN.
- Pudding.
 - Mistakes.
 - Eager.
 - Spell of teaching.
 - Splendid.
 - Burst of rain.
 - Refer.
 - Rural deity.
 - Without restriction.
 - Northern river.
 - Southern river.
 - Maker of drinks.
 - Motive.
 - Duty.
 - Strike out.
 - Give rise to.
 - Exist.
 - Skin.
 - Early man.
 - Boy's name.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Sport Oddities

ENDURANCE records in sport produce some strange examples of the ability of human beings to "stick it." What is the longest session you have ever had at billiards? Whether it is four, eight or twelve hours, it comes nowhere near the record set up not long before the war by one Mitar Filipovic, of Sremska, Yugoslavia. He played billiards for 96 hours—that is, four days and nights—without stopping, and then collapsed.

Strangest of all, he was not out to set up a record, but just to show his wife who was master in the home, because she was always nagging him for spending so long in the billiards hall!

A very different kind of endurance record was set up at Texas in December, 1907—and one never likely to be beaten, even if someone has the inclination to try. A. Topperwein, a crack shot, wanted to show his consistency and discover how long he could go on hitting a moving target without tiring—or going mad! For eight hours a day for ten days he fired with a .22 repeating rifle at small wooden blocks thrown into the air at 25 feet. He fired 72,500 shots; 71,491 were hits. His longest "run" without a miss was 14,500 shots.

If you are a table-tennis player, you have probably on occasions tried to see how long you could keep a rally going. There is no "official" record, but in 1936 two players at Wisconsin, in the U.S.A., hit the ball backwards and forwards to each other, without letting it bounce, 5,056 times! Both players must have been pretty tired, and although it isn't in the official accounts, it's a safe bet there were a lot of stiff necks amongst the spectators next morning!

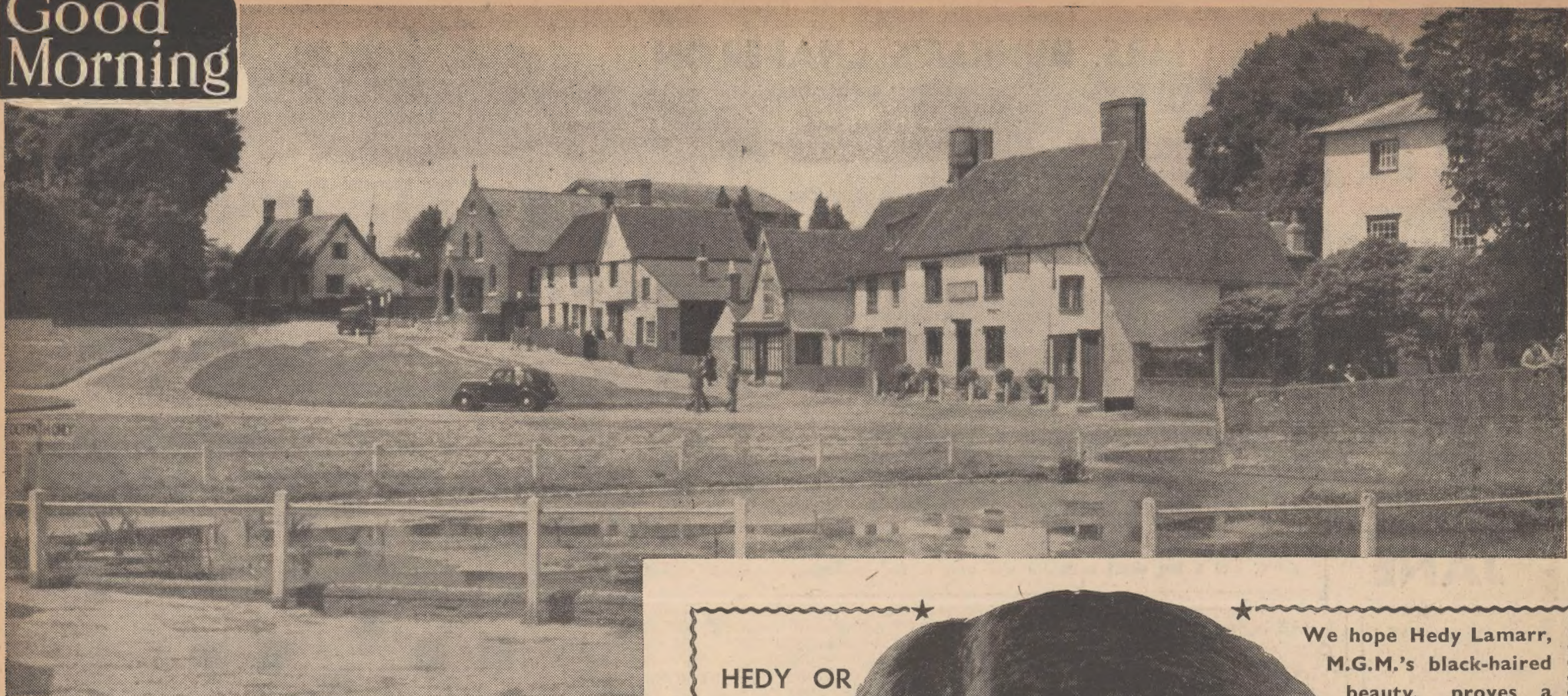
Some of the oddest records made in Britain have been in mountain climbing. In 1926, Dr. Charles Hadfield set out to climb the three highest mountains in Britain in less than 24 hours. This meant ascending Ben Nevis (4,406 feet), Scafell (3,210), and Snowdon (3,571). He accomplished the feat in about 22 hours, ending on the summit of Ben Nevis. His only rest was in the car that carried him from Snowdon to Scafell and after its ascent to Ben Nevis.

Alex Crack

Johnny's little brother handed the teacher a note from his mother explaining his elder brother's absence from school. This is what the teacher read:—

Dear Miss,—Johnny hasn't come to school to-day because he hasn't been, but I have given him something to make him go and when he's been he'll come.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. We can think of many less pleasant things to do than sitting in the sunshine outside the white-washed inn on the village green at Finchingfield, Essex.



Here is the thought for to-day. If the tiger is the most formidable beast in the jungle and drinks nothing but water, isn't it a fortunate thing it doesn't drink beer?



FATHER'S PIN-UP GIRL. The tiny charmer with the coal-heaver's shoulders squints frankly into your eyes with her coal-black ones. If Father ever likened her mouth to a flower, it must have been a sunflower — outsize, at that.

HEDY OR
HEADY?

We hope Hedy Lamarr, M.G.M.'s black-haired beauty, proves a heady draught for susceptible submariners.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"She's turned my head, anyway."